¶ Here begyn-

neth the Nature, and Dyſpoſy-
cyon of the dayes in the weke, and
ſheweth what the Thondre in
euery Moneth in the yere,
chaunſynge, doth pro-
tende and ſygnyfye/
with the courſe and dyſpoſycyon,
of the dayes of the Moone: whi-
che be good, and whiche be
badde: after the influ-
entes of the Moone/
drawen out of a
latyn Boke of
Ariſtoriles de
Aſtronimia.

¶ Hereafter foloweth of the.
vii. dayes in the weke.

HE that is borne vpon ẏ Sondaye in the daye tyme, shall be longe lyued, and his fortune is to be a great, and a noble man.

¶ He that is borne vpon the Mondaye, eyther in ẏ day, or in ẏ nyght, his chaunce is to be strong, & valyaunt in al thyng.

¶ He that is borne vpon ẏ Tewesdaye, eyther in the nyght, or in the day, shalbe stronge, & nothynge coueytous, he shall be in peryll of a knyfe, or other wepyn, & shall scant come to olde age.

¶ He ẏ is borne vpon wednesday eyther in ẏ day, or ẏ nyght shall be apt to lerne.

¶ He that is borne vpon the Thursday eyther in the daye, or the nyght, shall be gentyll to be spoken to, & shall be houourable, or he dye.

¶ He that is borne vpon the Frydaye, eyther in the daye, or in the nyght, shalbe long lyued and gyuen greatly to lechery and to the lust of the flesshe.

¶ He that is borne vpon the Saturday shall be longe lyued, but the course of the Moone be contrary to hym.

¶ Here

¶ Hereafter foloweth to shewe what Thondre in euery moneth of the yere chaunsynge dothe pro; tende, and sygnyfye.

Thondre in Januarye, betokeneth great wyndes, habundaunce, & plenye of corne, and batell in the same yere.

¶ In Februarye, it pronounceth great deth, and namely of ryche men.

¶ In Marche great tempestyous wynds and habundaunce of corne.

¶ In Apryl it pretendeth a mery & frut full yere to come to good & true peoples for vnthryftes as theues, & suche other be lyke to dye fast that yere.

¶ In Maye, it sygnyfyeth scarsenes, of cornes, and hungre amonge the people.

¶ In June it sheweth to vs great wyndefalles by reason of tempestes to be.

¶ In Julye a ryghte good and seasonable haruest, but the yonge scuyte of Beistes of lykelyhode shall peryshe.

¶ In August it wyll, that all thyngs do prosperously succede to ẏ cōmen welth sauynge ẏ many shall fall sycke that yere.

¶ In Septēbre plentyth of cornes, and slaughter of great men.

The moone. .2. ¶ In

¶ In Octobre it doth pronostycate scarsenes of corne, & of fruytes, and also blusteryngе of wyndes.

¶ In Nouembre corne ynough, and Jocunde yere to men.

¶ In Decembre a good haruest, season, peace, concorde, and vnyte amonge the people, that yere.

¶ The Prologue

God that all this worlde
hath wrought
And all mankinde, hath
made of nought
And on ẏ crosse vs bou
ghte, with payne and wo
Sende vs grace, here for to do
That we all, synfull mankynde
To that great ioye, we maye wende
That he haue bought, vs all to
Whan he to deth, for vs was do
All thynges, that be done and wryten
As these, great clerkes knowen
Wryten they be, for our profyte
And drawen out, by clerkes wyte
Therfore lordynges, lesse and more
Herken all, vnto my lore
And I shall rede, you beforne

What

What tyme so, that a chylde be borne
Of that chylde, what it shall befall
That hie endynge, in his happes all
And what betokeneth, our dremynge
That we meten, in our slepynge
Good or euyll, or Banyte
All togyther, here shall ye
And also, what tyme is goode
Man or woman, to be lettyn blode
And all thynge, that is for to done
So sayeth the rule, of the moone
To tell you, I haue sought
What time is good, what tyme is nought
For by the moone, without lesynge
Is ruled, euery erthly thynge
Therof holy wryt, beareth wytnesse
And our fore fathers, as I gesse
Adam and Eue, and Abraham
And all the kyn, that of them cam
Beryth wytnesse, of this story
For it was made, by them truely
And take example, at them shulde we
Of our fore fathers, and prouyd haue be
Howe we shulde here, hyghe and lowe
Our destenyes, and our happes knowe
Therfore lordynges, I praye yow
For to herken, this begynnynge now.

¶ The fyrste Daye.

The fyrst day, of the moone Adam
Our forfather, i to this worlde cā
That day is good, withouten syn
All thynges, for to begyn
The chylde, that is borne that day
He shall be noble, and wyse parfay
And of longe lyfe, withouten fayle
But often he shalbe, in great trauayle
And who so that day, take sycknesse
He shall langure longe, as I gesse
With great payne scope he shall
And therfore, thanke god of all
And what thou metest, in thy slepe
God of his mercy, therof take kepe
For it shall tourne the, to ioy and blysse
Wherof god gyue vs, grace not to mysse
But that day, is no tyme gode
In no maner, to be letten blode
To let the blode, on no vayne
Who so wyll be, withouten payne.

¶ The .ii. daye.

¶ The seconde day, profytable ys
All thynges good, to do ywys
That day our Lorde, gan Eue make
Of mans rybbe. she was take
Who so a wyfe, ẏ day old or yonge take

That

That daye is good, weddynge to make
For who so that daye, wedde hie & lyse
Togyther they shulde, haue longe lyse
And often both, myrth and wo
So had Adam, and Eue also
Who so do any theft, that daye
He shall be taken, therwith parfaye
What chylde, so that daye be borne
Many vertues, lye hym before
A blyssed body, shall he be
Wyse in good, and of herte fre
Be it mayden, be it knaue
Joye ynoughe, it shall haue
Loue of man, and of woman
More than this boke, telleth can
And who so that daye, take sykenesse
He shall soone be hole, as I gesse
What so in thy dreme, come to the
It shall tourne, in to Vanyte
And who so wylle, that daye blede
It helpeth hym, yf he haue nede.

¶ The iii. daye.

¶ The .iii. daye Caym, was borne
What so thou dost, that daye, is lorne
But thou serue, our heauen Kynge
Therfore I rede the, withouten lesynge
That thou that daye, nothynge begyn

For ye ſhuld leſynt, it your ſyn
For Cayn, for his ſynfull euen
Had the curſe, of god in heuen
And who ſo that daye, take ſyckeneſſe
He ſhall be holden, longe in dyſtreſſe
That daye is not good, out to ryde
Nor no horſe, for to ſtryde
And who ſo that daye, borne be
Falſe and coueytous, be ſhall he
And lothe to gyue, the poore bede
And he ſhall do, a wycked dede
That thou dremyſt, it turneth to nought
To let the blode, be not thy thought
For that daye, is meruelous
And a dayr, full perylous.

¶ The. iiii. daye.

¶ The iiii. daye, borne was Abell
That daye thou may, boldely and well
All that thou wyll, boldely begyn
Out taken dedes, that longe to ſyn
That daye is good, a mill to bygge
And after heddes, of water to dygge
To open them, and let them renne
Both by felde, and by fenne
Who ſo be borne, that daye without fayle
He ſhall haue, a party trauayle
He ſhall be, a party lechoure

But he ſhal ſuffre, many a ſharpe ſhoure
He ſhall well, ouer ſcape all
And great ryches, hym ſhall be fall
And great welth, or that he dye
Who ſo that daye, do any folye
Or any theft, and therfore fle
Haſtely founde, ſhall he be
Who ſo that daye, in ſyckeneſte fall
Soone dye, or waſte he ſhall
What thou thynkeſt, in thy dremynge
It ſhall amende, nor helpe no thynge
That daye is good, for euery man ywys
To paſſe the ſee, with marchaundys
That daye, to let the blode
Is neyther to moche euyll, nor gode.

¶ The. v. daye.

¶ The. v. day Abell, made his offeryng
For his ſynnes, to the heuen kynge
And Cayn, made his ſacryfyce
That daye falſely, in all wyſe
That daye, is nought to take
Sacryfyce, theron to make
Who ſo that daye, borne be
Harde deſtenyes, haue ſhall he
He ſhall be euer, ſory and madde
In all his lyfe, therwith I ladde
In great trauayle, and in ſynne

And vnneth it shall, from hym wynne
That daye, who so do any trespase
He shall be taken, with that case
Who so that daye, syckenesse haue
Medecyne nor no leche, shall hym saue
Who so that daye, to the see fare
He were better, not come there
That thou dremest, shalbe certayne
But tell no man, that in vayne
Yf thou wylt, that daye blede
Aboute vndrene, thou shalt best spede
But loke that daye, thou do nought
But thynge, ẏ nede muste be wrought.

¶ The. vi. daye.

¶ The. vi. day were born nabyr & offrē
That were, two noble men
That daye is good, and happy to game
For to hunte, and byrdes to tame
The chylde that, that day borne ys
It shalbe hardy, and bolde ywys
Of longe lyfe happy to gode
Blythe and iol[illegible], and mylde of mode
And yf it, a mayde chylde be
Happen on a noble husbande shall she
And who so any, trespace do
He may not scape, farre there fro
And who so ẏ day any syckenesse catche

It

Je ſhalbe ſtronge, awaye to latche
For he ſhalbe, pyned with all
But at laſt, ſcape he ſhall
That thou dremyſt, ſoth ſhalbe
That thou ſhalt it, ſoone ſe
But loke thou tell it no man
For nought, that any frende can
But that day is not gode
For to let any, Bayne blode
To the ſee, is good to fare
yf thou haue, any ſtuffe, or ware
Good tyme to bye, and to ſelle
And houſes to rere, and to tylle.

¶ The. Vii. daye.

¶ The. Vii. daye, was Abell ſlayne
That daye is good, for certayne
Beeſtes to put, in to paſture
And boles to gelde, yt ſhulde longe dure
What chylde, ſo that daye borne be
Good lyfe and longe, haue ſhall he
Letteryd and wyſe, with all
That aduenture, ſhall hym be fall
What maner man, that daye ſtele ought
ware hym well, he ſcapeth nought.
Who ſo that daye, any man ſlee
To the ſame deth, he ſhall goo
But and thou take, ſyckneſſe that daye

With medecyne, it shall soone away
That thou diemyst, it shall be tyde
yf thou halfe a yere, abyde
But yf it betokeneth any wo
Good prayers, may it fordo
That daye is good, also to blede
To bye and sell, thou shalt well spede
And with marchaundyse, to the see pace
And good to wedde, yf thou haue grace
Good happe, thou shalt haue to wyfe
Peas and loue, in all your lyfe.

¶ The. viii. daye.

¶ The. viii. daye, was borne Saturne
That had hony, and whete plente
That daye is good, yf thou it knewe
To delue with bene, and sede to sewe
To see to passe, truely to tell
And a wyfe to wedde, bye and sell
yf he haue ben, wedded beforne
And haue that daye, a chylde I borne
Be it man, or woman I wysse
Throughe lechery, it may do amysse
And with the deuyll, tempted and leede
And of synne before a dredde
Kynde, wyse, fre, and amyable
Curteyse and good, happy and stable
The name therof, shall wyde go

yf thou ought, that daye myssdo
Yf thou that daye, sykenesse fonge
It shall go soone, or lastelonge
But for sothe, I the seye
Of that sykenesse, shalt thou not dye
And he or she, be wedded that day
Shall well loue, eche other perfay
And eyther of other, be of loue Iolous
But yf thou rere, that day any hous
It happyth fayre, at the laste
Be throughe fyre, be not downe caste
Who so that daye, to the scole be setter
His kyn for hym, shall fare the better
Chafate that day, to by and sell
Is happy and good, truely to tell
Good or euyll, whether thy dreme be
Within foure dayes, thou shalt it se
But praye to God, that it be goode
That day is tyme, to let blode.

¶ The. iy. daye.

¶ The. iy. daye, is blyssed of Chryst
That day was born, S. Johñ euãgelist
That daye is good, to begynne
All thynges that touche no synne
Who so be borne, that same daye
Of moche ioye, till he maye
In all thynges, he shall well spede

And

And be gracious, in worde and dede
Hardye, and slye, ware, and wyse
And greatly drede/and moche of pryse
And yf ye seke ought in felde or borow
That daye thou shalt be take thē thorow
But and thou that day, sykenesse take
It shall not longe do the wrake
Thy dremynge, thou shalt thy selfe soone
Within dayes fully fyftene (sene
That day thou may, boldly blede
In all thy dedes thou myght well spede
So be thou pray god, and seynt Johñ
To sende the grace well to don.

¶ The .v. daye.

¶ The .v. daye, was borne Noe
What chylde, so that daye borne be
He shalbe ryche lesse, I Understande
And ren through, many dyuers lande
Who so that daye, fall in sickenesse
He shall with wo, scape I gesse
That daye is good, for other thynges
To bye and sell, and make weddynges
To passe the see, and let lode
And all other thynges, that ben gode
That thou wylt, begyn than
To goddes worshyp, and helpe of man
But that thou dremest, I tell the

It ſhall all tourne, to Vanyte.

¶ The .xi. daye.

¶ The .xi. daye, Shem was borne
That I warne, the before
Be profytable, to do all thynge
So it fall, to no ſynnynge
What chylde, ſo that daye be borne
What he doth, it ſhall not be lorne
He ſhalbe, of great honoure
And alſo a great purchaſoure
What ſo, thy dremynge be
To ioye it ſhall, turne the
And euery tyme, of the daye
Let the blode, wyll thou maye.

¶ The xii daye.

¶ The .xii. daye is good, as I ſay yowe
To do all thynges, to mannes prowe
So that thou, do no ſynne
It is happy, and good to all mankynne
That ſame daye, withouten leſſe
Was borne, the wyſe man Moyſes
The techer of goddes lawes, was he
What chylde, ſo that day borne be
Relygyous, he ſhall bee
Happy and wyſe, and ryght well eke
And well beloued, fayre and hynde
And no deuyll, ſhall hym ſhende

Yf thou stele ought, and schape that day
Yet gettest thou, harme therof parfay
If thou any, syckenesse take
Thou shalt lyue long, & ryght wel scape
If thou that day, any quayntaũce make
Of any woman, in synne to take
For her thou shalt haue right great stryfe
Or at the laste, lese thy lyfe
But yf thyne owne wyfe, she be
Of thy dreame, ioye shalt thou se
That daye is good, and vertuouse
To bye, and sell, and take spouse
That phesyke, wyll gyue the leue
To let the blode, agayne the eue.

¶ The. xiii.

¶ The. xiii. daye, I wyll not let
That daye Noe, his vyne gan set
That daye is good, and profytable
What so thou do, withouten fable
Therof thou shalt haue, good endynge
yf thou myslyke not, the heuen kynge
But what wyfe, so that day haue chylde
It shall be wycked, angry and wylde
Vycyous, recheles, and hardy
And tempynge men, to great foly
Throughe hym they shulde, to skorne be
But longe tyme, shall it not lyue (dryue

yf a mayde chylde, borne be
Lone Venus play, cure shall she
Dres, in her chyldhode dye
That daye is good, to sell, and bye
And with marchaundyse, the set to pase
But who so steke ought, nē shal hym cha
And taken he shalbe to prysowne (se
Or with enemyes, slayne adowne
Yf thou that daye, take syckenesse
It shall holde the longe, as I gesse
And Vnneth shall thou scape
And what thou dremyst, in thy slape
The next moone, thou shalt knowe
yf it be thy harme, or prowe
yf thou wylt blede, that day
By fesyke, without paryl thou maye.

¶ The .viiii. daye.

¶ The .viii. day, noe blessyd his sone sen
As he stode, in the sonne glem
That day do boldely, what thou wylt
So thou do good, no mysgylt
And thou shalt well spede parfay
And what chylde, be borne that day
He shalbe both ryche, and wyse
yf he be set to marchaundyse
And yf he be, another maner man
Of hym tell you, I can

He ſhalbe proude, hardy, and ſtronge
But he ſhall not, be of lyfe longe
yf thou ſtele ought, in fen or fryth
Thou ſhalt be taken, ſoone therwith
And yf thou that daye ſyckeneſſe laieche
No medycyne ſhall it, awaye catche
Thy dremynge, is newe, and good
And that day, is tyme to let blode.

¶ The xv. daye

¶ The. xv. daye, faught Samuell
With his enemyes, tyght his fell
who ſo that daye, any thynge begyn
Profyte getteth, he none therin
Who ſo that daye, borne is
He ſhalbe, tyght perylous ywys
Hardy and good, of conſcyence
Wyſe and bolde, of defence
And oft he ſhall haue, tene, and wo
By lande, and by water alſo
And in peryll of water, be he ſhall
Or be ſlayne, ſome ſwerde withall
Who ſo that day, fall ſyckeneſſe in
Je ſhalbe harde, therfro to wyn,
And yf thou any, theft do
Therfore thou, ſhalt haue wo
That thou dremeſt, in thy ſlepe
Loke thou therof, take no kepe

yf thou haue/any thynge to done
Abyde a better tyme/of the moone
yf thou that day/ſhal Dayne blode blede
In the mornynge/thou ſhalt beſt ſpede.

¶ The. xvi. dare.

¶ The xvi. day/was Boos borne
That daye/in the morowe before
Are thou any thynge begyn
Serue hym that made/all makyn
And what thou wylt/do boldely
Of thyngꝭ that true men: ſhulde lyue by
Bye and ſell/I the plyght
And do ſo/what thou wylt with ryght
Good spede thou ſhalt/haue before
But what chylde/ſo that day be borne
He ſhall be a good/chriſten man
And helpe the poore/all that he can
By kynde ſkyll/alſo he ſhall
Be a membre/of an hoſpytall
Lyue longe/and a true man be
But riches he getteth/neuer great plenty
Who ſo ſteke ought/that day certayne
Therwith he ſhall/be taken agayne
Who in ſyckenesſe/ye day is downe caſte
He ſhall lye longe/but ſcape at the laſte
Of what thynge/thy dremynge be
Within thre yere/thou ſhalt it ſe

That day also, without drede
Boldely thou may, thyne blode blede.

¶ The. vii. daye.

¶ The. vii. daye, I wyll begyn
Sodom, and Gomor, sonke for syn
Bitter than, that daye is none
All synfull thynges, for to done
What wyfe, so that day haue chylde
It shalbe both, meke and mylde
Blyssed, and wyse, and of longe lyfe
Very, and cuermore, without stryfe
But who so that daye, do any theft
Historyes therof, shulde be left
To by and sell, and the see to passe
That daye is good, happe and grace
And also, to make weddynge
And good also, for blode lettynge
Yf thou be sycke, in any wyse
Thou shalt lye longe, & afterwarde ryse
And what thou metest, in thy dremynge
In shorte tyme, it is cõmynge.

¶ The. viii. daye.

¶ The. viii. daye, Isaac was borne
That many vertues, lye hym before
That day, whan thou hast serued Jhesu
Je good, and full of vertu
To do what so thou, haue delyte

for

For it shall tourne the, to profyte
Or any other thynges that is to done
yf that no synne, therof come
And what chylde, so be borne that day
A brawler, he shalbe, parfay
Full of wordes, and of stryse
Proude, and stowte, and shorte of lyfe
Who so do any thefte, that stonde
Within seuen dayes, he shalbe founde
yf thou ẏ day, to any sycknesse be shape
Thou shalt lye longe, & ryght wel scape
Within fortye dayes, certayne
Thy dreme shall betyde or all in vayne
That day is, no tyme good
On no maner, to be letten blode.

¶ The xix. daye.

¶ The. xix. day, I wote well that
Isaac, Jacob his sone begat
That daye is good, for many thynge
For to bye and sell, and the see passynge
And for to lerne, on marchaundyse
And all maner, workes of pryse
that day thy worke, thou shalt nought le
But yf thou any, synful werke chese (se
But what chylde, so that day borne ys
He shall be wyse, and true ywys
Worshypfull, and wyse of lore

His pryse shall waxe, more and more
yf thou stele, or sle that day
Thou shalt be slayne, therfore parfay
yf syckenesse, do the trauayle
Throughe medycine, thou shalt behayle
Thy dreme, shall be good and sothe
And hastely founde, withouten othe
But that daye, for sothe to sayne
Is euyll to blede on any vayne.

¶ The. xx. daye.

¶ The. xx. daye, blyssed Isaac
Hie sone Jacab, and spake
That day is good & happy without drede
All chrysten men, to helpen in erde
Do boldely, that daye thy wyll
So thou greue not, god yll
Who so be borne that day, through happe
God hath gyuen hym, a fayre shappe
yf he vse hym, to trauayle
He shalbe stronge, in euery batayle
yf husbandry, vse wyll he
Wyse of tylthe, he shall be
yf he the seole vse, I say yow
He shall be clerke, good Inow
yf he wyll, to any other craft go
He shall be wyse, and sotell ynough also
Who so any theft do, or be qwed

It

It shall hym brynge, to wycked ded
Who so that day, any sykenesse take
He shall lyue longe, and tyght well scape
That thou dremest, it shalbe sothe
Blode lettynge, that day good dothe.

¶ The .xxi. daye.

¶ The .xxi. daye, throughe gode Fortu
Was borne, the wyse man Esau
That day is good, for lewde and clerke
To begyn, euery good chrysten werke
What so thou do ỳ daye, thou shalt spede
So that thou do, no synfull dede
What chylde so, that day borne be
A stronge thefe, be shall he
And gyue hym, to mocke foly
But he shall knowe, moche clergy
Yf thou lese that daye, thyne owne catell
Thou fyndest them neuer, I tell ỳ well
And yf any thefte, be done that day
It shal be soũde agayr, or taken parfay
Yf a mayden, that day chese
A lemman, or her maydenhod lese
And she by hym, any chylde haue
Be it mayde, be it knaue
It shalbe toughe, as a swyne
And by his owne, mother kyne
And on his owne mother a chylde begete

That fysshes or beestes, shal deuour & ete
And yfa man, that day so dye
His wyfe lyuynge after, I you sey
She shall after, that he is dede
Lyue euermore, in clene wedowehede
And serue ryght well, god almyghty
And helpe, the moste nedefull truely
And yf thout ẏ day, lese thy leue wyfe
After that she is deed, truely all thy lyfe
Thou shalt, with good deuocion
Gyue the to an house of relygyon
Yf any sycknesse, that day the greue
It shall the sle, ryght soone I beleue
Thy dreme shalbe certayne, and goode
And that daye, is tyme to let blode.

¶ The. xxii. daye.

¶ The. xxii. daye, was borne Josephe,
Of that day beware, and kepe the
For it is harde, for many thynge
To begyn that day, without lesynge
But it is good, truely to tell
Euylde howsynge, to wed bye, and sell
On pylgrymage, the wayes to take
And all skylfull, [illegible] to make
But yf theu go, to the see with goode
Whare the from, the salte flode
Who so be borne that day, well I synde

he

He shall be lecherous, by kynde
And by kynde, he shalbe relygyous
And a man, ryght trauaylous
yf syckenesse that daye, take wreche
And yf it take hym, helpeth no leche
yf thou any trynge stele, it shall the slo
Thy dreme, shall all to ioye go
Euery tyme, of that is gode
yf thou wylt, be letten blode.

¶ The. xxiii. daye.

¶ The. xxiii. day, for certayne
Was borne, Marymagdelayne
That day is good, and vertuous
But that chylde, shulde be lecherous
That on that same day, is borne
His lyfe for women, shalbe lorne
That day is good, the see, to passe
Thanke we god, of his fayre grace
Good to bye, and sell, and to wedde
And thy wyfe, to brynge to bedde
With her, thou shalt haue ioy, and game
And fayre children, ye shal haue in same
That daye is blode lettynge. not helth
That day, is good, begynnynge of telth
Who so that daye, her maydenhod leseth
Lechery for euermore, she cheseth
By kynde skyll, she shall truely

Warne no man, of her body
Thou shalt haue ioy, of thy dremynge
Thou dotest, yf thou stele any thynge
yf thou be sycke, on any maner wyse
Thou shalt soon dye, or els, soon rye.

¶ The. xxiiii. daye.

¶ The. xxiiii. day, withouten les
Was borne, the wyse man Pharoses
That day is good, withouten fayle
To begyn euery, ryghtfull batayle
That day is good, for euery marchaunt
To bye, and sell, and make comenaunt
To wed, and passe the see with ware
And not no pylgrymage, to fare
That daye is good, and noble of pryse
For all maner, of marchaundyse
And for men, of craft also
That theyr crafte, wyll tende to
What chylde, so that day borne ys
He shalbe, a wyse man ywys
And a man, of great honoure
And a noble, werryoure
And yf it, a woman be
Sondry husbandes, haue shall she
And euer at honoure, lyue she shall
And be ryche ynoughe with all
yf syckenesse, that day the greue

It shall from the, at morowe or eue
Yf thou that daye, any thynge stele
Thou shalt not haue it, longe in hele
Thou shalt haue ioy, of thy dremynge
That daye is tyme. of blode lettynge
Who so her maydenhod, lese that daye
With preestes, she shalbe sclaundred aye.

¶ The. xxv. daye.

¶ The. xxv. day, faught phato the kyng
With his enemyes, without lesynge
Than is tyme to begyn, to sowe corne
But what chylde, so that day be borne
It shalbe, ryght meruaylous
And euer more besy, and coueytous
And walkynge wyde, I vnderstande
In many sondry, dyuers lande
And suffre peryll, & many harde chaunce
For his lyues sustenaunce
For to wedde, that daye is goode
To bye, and sell, and let blode
But who so go, that daye to the see.
Or he come ouer, drenched shalbe he
Also I warne you, euery one
That ye that daye, begyn thynge none
Other than, ye here me saye
That ye may be, safely that daye
Yf thou ⅞ day, in any theft do trespase

The. moone. b.6. Thou

Thou shalt dye, for that case
yf thou that day, sykenesse take
It shall neuer, of the slake
yf thy dreme, good, or euyll be
Within foure dayes, thou shalt it se

¶ The .xxvi. daye.

¶ The .xxvi. day, without lesynge
Is good, for all maner of thynge
Both for man, and for beest
In wod in watre, fryth and forest
But these, I forbyd the
Weddynge, and passynge ouer the see
For that day, drowned, kynge Pharo
And .ii. hondred, with hym also
All the other thynges, I the forbede
That thou begyn, for no nede
That than begynn, no maner thynge
But abyde, a bitter tympynge
But yf a chylde, be borne that daye
It shall haue hart, of mans loue aye
He shall neyther, be poore nor ryche
But be hardy & bolde, & worke mālyche
Who so that daye, any cheft make
Handebande, he shalbe take
yf thou be sycke, in any wyse
Take the reed, thou shalt not dyse
But thy dreme, to nought shall falle

And

And blode lettynge, agayne thou call.

The.xxvii.daye.

¶ The.xxvii.day, was borne Berien
That day is good, to bye, and sellen
The see to passe, weddynge to make
And all other, good workes to take
Yf it toucheth, no perynge
That daye is tyme, of blode lettynge
Who so be borne, that daye truely
He shalbe both wyght, and sly
And great frendshyp, he shall haue
And a fayre happe. hym selfe to saue
What mayden, ẏ daye any man take
But yf it be, for weddynges sake
No more after, warne shall she
No man to chaste, of chastyte
And yf an husbande, a wydowe take
All her breade, shall soone be bake
Yf syckenesse that day, downe the dryue
Thou shalt lye longe, and tourne to lyue
Thy dreme, shall tourne, ioye to the
Within a month, thou shalt it se.

¶ The.xxviii.daye.

¶ The.xxviii.day, was borne Sāpson
Boldely do ẏ day, what thou wylt don
So thou greue not God, therwith
Thou shalt well spede, in towne, & fryth

what

That chylde, so that day borne be
In great tranayle, he shall be
And euer besy, and sory
And trewe, as any sicke truely
Yf thou that day, any syckenesse sele
Thou shalt lye longe, after hane hele
Yf thou that daye, stele ought
With the pryson, it shalbe brought
But ware the well, of kettynge blode
For that day, is no tyme goode
That thou metest, in thy dreme a nyght
It shall the tourne, to Joye full right.

¶ The xxix. daye.

¶ The xxix. day, was borne Salomon
Loke thou that day, begyn thynge non
For yf thou do, I say truely
Thou shalt lyke, nothynge therby
But who so, that day borne is
He shalbe, of great pryse ywys
He shall haue welth, ynoughe at wyll
And lykynge of women, all his fyll
Ryche nor poore, warneth hym none
All thiskynge, with him to done
And yf it, a mayde chylde be
Meke, & mylde, and curteyse be shall she
Fayre of face, and amyable
And to men, delectable

And

And or ſhe be, of any age
She ſhalbe maryed, to great lynage
What wyues huſband, ſo that day be deed
She ſhall lyue euer more, in her wydowhed
Yf ſyckenesſe that day, do the tranayle
Therof thou ſhalt, ſoone be hayle
yf thou ſteke ought: thou ſhalt haue ſham
But blode lettynge, is not to blame
All thy dreme, to good tourned ſhalbe
Without cuyll, as I ſaye the.

¶ The. xxxv. daye.

¶ The. xxxv. daye, was borne Abſolon
That daye is good, to begyn vpon
Chyldren to ſet, to ſcole to lere
To bye and ſell, and howſynge to rere
To bargen, to wedde, to paſſe the ſee
To begyn telthe, and graffe on tree
That daye what woman, do lechery
She ſhall neuer leue, that foly
But what chylde, that daye borne ys
He ſhalbe good, ware and wyſe
Be it mayden, be it knaue
Joye ynoughe, ſhall it haue
Yf it a mayden, chylde be
Soon ſhall be, her deſtyne
That all men, ſhall deſyre her than
And alſo yf it, ſhulde be a man

All women, both whyte and blake
Wyll desyre hym, to her make
And thou pycke, or stele that day ought
To the trueth, he shalbe brought
Thy dreme, shal tourne to great traueyl
Or thou shalt fall, to great paryll
That daye also, is tyme goode
Yf thou wylt blede, vayne blode.
¶ Nowe haue ye herde, olde, and yonge
Dyscryed many, dyuerse thynge
Of marchaūdise, dremys, & childrē byrth
Of bledynge, weddynge, & other myrth
And by our formest, fathers wytnesse
But I warne you, both more and lesse
That ye be neuer, the more bolde
For any thynge, that I haue tolde.
¶ Finis.

¶ Imprinted by me Robert Wyer/dwell
lynge at the sygne of saynt Johñ euā
gelyst, in saynt Martyns paryssche
in the Duke of Suffolkes rent
tes/besyde charynge
Crosse.

ROBERT WYER